

The Kentuckian.

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212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

MARCH 4, 1905.

The Weather.

Washington, D. C., March 3.—For Kentucky—Saturday partly cloudy.

The Elizabethtown News says John R. Allen, of Lexington, may be the "Folk that Kentucky needs."

President Poosevelt will honor Kentucky with another appointment in the Diplomatic service. Brutus J. Clay, of Richmond, will be nominated on Monday for United States Minister to the Republic of Switzerland.

The Gubernatorial Contest Committee of the Colorado Legislature yesterday decided in favor of Peabody. Only thirteen of the eighteen Republicans on the Committee would sign the report, however, while all the nine Democrats signed the minority report in favor of Abams. The case is now being argued and a vote will be reached to-night. The Republicans have the votes to count Adams out and are none too good to do it.

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, of San Francisco, widow of United States Senator Leland Stanford, died at Honolulu Tuesday night at the Moana hotel. Suspicious circumstances surround the death of Mrs. Stanford. She was taken ill 40 minutes before she died and said: "I have been poisoned." An autopsy was performed. The physician said the cause of her death was tetanus of the respiratory organs, but could not say how it was brought about until an examination could be made.

The Democratic party has the best chance it has had in many years to elect its county ticket this year. The party is united and in fine fighting trim and the Republicans are torn by dissensions in the ranks of the white leaders and are finding it harder and harder every campaign to control the colored voters by feeding them on broken promises. If the right kind of a ticket is nominated, the Democrats will sweep Christian county from Pond river to Flat Lick, from Macedonia to West Fork.

Poor Russia continues to bleed in every pore. With reverses at the front, the internal disorders are growing worse. The strike troubles are being renewed in all the important industrial centers. At St. Petersburg 50,000 men are out, and threats of a general strike are made unless the demands of the workmen's representatives are granted by the government. The trouble at Moscow has been resumed on a large scale. There is anarchy in the Caucasus and serious outbreaks from Warsaw and elsewhere.

The mock trial of W. S. Taylor at Des Moines resulted in a hung jury, with a jury upon which there was only one Democrat. Taylor, from his exile in Indiana, sent a brief and extended argument in his own defense. The jury deliberated eight hours. As the jury was made up of law students, young men of more than average intelligence, the result is bound to be a disappointment to Taylor, who hoped for a verdict of acquittal. Although a mere mock trial, the result will make an impression throughout the country.

By a graceful act Congress has returned to the seven Southern States the Confederate battle flags, together with the Union flags captured by the Confederates during the late Civil War. This act, says an exchange, should have a beneficial effect in cementing still closer the bonds of brotherhood between the two sections of the Union. It is the last act in the bloody drama and should bury all cause of future hatred. There are 544 of these flags, of the different States. Of these 104 are Union flags, which were captured by the Confederates and will be returned to them, together with the 440 belonging to the Confederate States.

BALDHEADED CLUB'S BANQUET.

It Was Brilliant and Broke all Records for Gorgeous Style and Fervid Oratory.



IN order to suit the convenience of Col. E. B. Bassett, who had to go to the President's inauguration in Washington March 4th, the banquet planned for Feb. 31st was held on the 29th. Col. Bassett was one of the principal speakers, and as it was necessary to either change the time of the banquet or postpone the inauguration to enable him to fill both engagements, Col. Whitlow, Chairman of the Committee, kindly consented to the change of date.

Col. Bassett preferred this because President Roosevelt had gone to the trouble of fixing up a speech for use on that date and had even given out advance proofs of it to the papers, and he seemed to have his heart set of that particular day.

Another reason was that Col. Bill Howell's speech prepared for the 31st was getting a little over-ripe and fears were entertained that it would not keep two days longer.

Only one seat was vacant when the signal was given for the first course, and the waiters began to file in with trays laden with plates of raw oysters. Before all were served a noise was heard outside that sounded like the exhaust pipe of a gasoline engine. It came nearer and nearer until the one absent member dashed into the room, panting from the exertion of his exciting race against time. He dropped into the vacant seat and called, "Half a dozen raw, hurrah, or any other style."

The dinner was served in so many courses that some of the members had trouble in finding uses for all of the spoons, knives and forks arranged about their plates. Some of the Colonels complained that the waiters were careless in removing the knives and spoons. When pie was served there was a general protest because all of the knives had been removed, and by the time the ice cream was brought in the spoons were all gone and the cream had to be eaten with forks.

But at last the final course was served and the tables "cleared for action," as President Wooldridge playfully remarked.

The President acted as toastmaster and acquitted himself with great eclat, as Col. Walter Southall would say, who changed cars at Paris (Tennessee) once on his way to Murray and became quite a French scholar.

A \$700 diamond glittered on the President's expansive shirt bosom, a jewel that was eyed suspiciously by Col. Geo. E. Gary, who had one like it picked not long ago. Col. Wooldridge indulged in a few incongruous and desultory pleasantries, expressive of his great pleasure in welcoming so many Knights of the Shining Pate, and closed by saying that the best part was yet to come. Each of the speakers modestly smiled and patted himself on the back at this remark, and Col. Howell bowed his thanks for the compliment.

President Wooldridge said Col. William Lawson Bamberger, the first speaker, had been called away suddenly last week to go abroad and was now in London, (Kentucky).

OUR NOBLE ORDER.

He called upon Col. Lemuel H. McKee, to respond to the toast, "Our Noble Order." Col. McKee handled his subject with as much ease and grace as he once toyed with a 500-pound weight on the stage at the Elks' circus. He told several funny stories and at times grew eloquent. He said in part:

"There have been great men in all ages of the world, not as great as we are perhaps, but still men of prominence in their time. Some have been great in war and some in peace; some in love and some in grease, but all of the really great men, with greatness blown in the bottle and printed on both sides of the wrapper, wore hair cut curly like mine and Col. Buck Leavell's. (Applause and cries of 'Go it Lem'.)"

"Look at the long list of great poets: Pope, Goldsmith, Swinburne, Hobbes, Wordsworth, Bryant, Whitier, Juquin Miller, one and all

were great poets, greater even than Col. Wooldridge, and they all wore their hair just like Col. Walter Kelly, Col. Bill Tibbs, Col. C. D. Bell and other great men here tonight! And Sheakespeare, the great and only Bard of Avon, had hardly enough hair on his dome of thought to spike a pound of boarding-house butter! (Tremendous cheers.) Come with me into other fields of literature: Dickens, Reade, Hawthorne, Hall Caine, Marion Crawford, Eugene Field and others too numerous to mention, had roof gardens under their hats as free from hair as the tail of a rat. Turn from literature to statesmanship and we find it the same there. Bismarck, Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Franklin, Madison, Adams, Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster and Wm. J. Bryan have enrolled their names on the shining records of glory." (Great applause.)

At this point Col. McKee had worked his hearers up to such a high state of enthusiasm that Col. Ben Armistead and Col. Ed. Gaither, who sat nearest the hero of the hour, lifted him upon their shoulders and marched in triumphal procession three times around the room.

Meanwhile the band in the hall added to the general enthusiasm by playing that stirring circus air:

"The elephant goes round and round,
The band begins to play;
The boys around the monkey's cage
Had better keep away."

Order was restored and Col. Joe Twyman was announced as the next speaker, with "The Few Things I Don't Know," as his subject.

Unfortunately Col. Twyman had fallen asleep during one of Col. McKee's jokes and when he was aroused asked to be excused, saying he had been up several nights recently pretty much all night with Col. Jim West practicing on some baby songs they used to sing several years ago, and he really hadn't found time to get up a speech. Col. Bill Howell kindly offered to take up his time in connection with his own speech and was accordingly presented to discuss "Our President."

Col. Howell is always a graceful speaker, and is not handicapped by a lack of lung-play. As soon as he commenced to orate the drowsy members began to wake up and even the waiters appeared at the half-open door leading to the kitchen, craning their necks and straining their ears to catch every word he said. He spoke as follows:

"OUR PRESIDENT."

Response by Col. William Rothchilds Howell, who said:

"While the tide of war was rolling fiercely against the battlements of Fort Donelson, in the month of February, 1862, at a time when the conflict had stained with the life blood of 700 brave men the icy waters of the Cumberland river, a child was born in Trigg county, within hearing of the cannon that shook the earth for miles around. That child was named in honor of two great generals—Robert E. Lee and John H. Morgan. Although he was not like Achilles, born booted and spurred and ready for battle, his precocity was wonderful from the start, and was only equaled by his pugnacity.

When only ten months old he slapped his nurse in the face, the first Christmas day he ever celebrated, because she would not let him play with a pack of lighted fire-crackers. The smell of burning powder tickled his olfactory nerves and fired with martial ardor the warm blood coursing in his heroic veins. Unfortunately the war ended before he was old enough to fight, or the result might have been different.

He fought his way through the country school and at the age of ten years moved to Hopkinsville and at once began to shake up the old town and put the natives to guessing what was going to happen next. He lived through his boyhood, but had so many hair-breadth escapes that his hair was left behind when he was ready to enter upon the strenuous career that carried him by successive advancements from clerk in a tobacco warehouse to president of our noble order, our honorable and ancient order of which Aeschilus was a

charter member and in which Pilny was a shining light before Vesuvius put a stop to skirt dances in Pompeii, 1826 years ago. In all the lists of great men, who scorned to encumber their heads with coverings of hair like beasts of the field, from Solomon to Wooldridge, from the prophet Elisha to Johann Hoch, there has been no more illustrious example of clear headed wisdom than our distinguished president—Col. Robert E. Lee John H. Morgan Wooldridge."

Col. G. H. Champlin at this stage was overcome by Col. Howell's eloquence and fainted from excitement and the orator was compelled to desist.

Several other colonels were on the verge of nervous prostration and it was some time before the speaking was resumed.

The last speaker was Col. Burch Milesoff Bassett, who was called upon to discuss "The Charge at Winesap Hill." The reporter succeeded in catching a portion of his speech, which created a profound impression.

"THE CHARGE AT WINESAP HILL."

Response by Col. Burch Milesoff Bassett:

"When I was a boy and read of the charge of the Imperial guard at Waterloo, when Blucher was on time and Grouchy failed to come, my blood boiled with martial ardor and I panted for military glory. When I scanned the lists of heroes who courted death in the charge of the Light Brigade into Death's Valley at Balaklava, I vowed if I ever got a chance I would die as dead as they did, and write my name a foot higher upon the scroll of immortality. The opportunity came at West Point eighteen-months ago, when the guns rained bullets, the cavalymen reined horses and the clouds rained water. I was in it. I was it.

I marched my brave men up that hill when every puddle was an ocean and every sea at high tide. Did they falter? Did they let an apple or a chicken escape? Ask the Government that has just paid the bill for fruit that we picked and fowls that we plucked. And while Bassett's brave battalion hepped in time and stepped in mud and glory, where were the Colonels on the Governor's staff? Echo answers where.

And all through that arduous campaign, with involuntary baths forced upon them by downpours of rain, with their patent leather shoes bespattered with West Point mud, with volleys from blank cartridges poured into their devoted ranks every minute, they fought, bled and dyed and carved their names in letters of undying glory high upon the pinnacle of greatness. They fought for seats at the camp table, they bled the commissary department and they dyed their hands with blackberry juice from the briar fields of Hardin county. Need I say more? In ages to come, when the future historian records the deeds of valor that made men immortal, on the same page with Leonidas at Thermopole, with Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, with Ney at Waterloo, with Pickett at Gettysburg, with Stoessel at Port Arthur, will be found in letters that time cannot efface, the charge of Bassett's Brave Boys at Winesap Hill.

Let us then be up and doing
With a taste for chicken bate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to catch 'em while we wait.

No braver fowls than those at West Point ever took their lives in their own feet and courted death with valor that would have done credit to a Hobson. All the world over there is an admiration for bravery, but fate had decreed that those heroic fowls should die and they met death without a word of complaint.

History tells us that the King of France with 40,000 men, marched up the hill and then marched down again. I did even more with my gallant troopers. We marched up Winesap Hill and stayed there, even when ordered to retreat. Begrimed with the smoke of blank cartridges, hungry from real exercise, and wet with rain water, they remembered Cardinal Richelieu's lexicon of youth, in which there was no such a word as 'fail'."

The Colonel's fervid eloquence had glued his hearers to their seats and riveted every one's attention. When he ceased there was a wave of applause that swept over the crowd like a Johnstown flood and on its highest tide the banqueters floated out and down and into the streets.

The great banquet was over.

Binder

BUSINESS OF 1905.

For the year
1905 we have
the agencies
for the follow-
ing binders
in the terri-
ry named:

We have the Osborne
agency for Chris-
tian, Trigg and
Todd counties.

We have the Plano,
Champion and Mil-
waukee for Chris-
tian county.

We have the Deering
and McCormick for
Pembroke and
vicinity.

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these
Machines.

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